

Googbye

by singme2sleep

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Summary: There comes a time in a rider's life they must say goodbye to the loyal friend who has always stood by their side. Two days ago, it was Astrid's turn.

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There comes a time in a rider's life they must say goodbye to the loyal friend who has always stood by their side. Two days ago, it was Astrid's turn.

Stormfly had been unwell for a few months to be fair. Hiccup knew it was approaching. Astrid, however, didn't " or she refused to see the signs. It began with the fatigue. Stormfly had begun to tire quicker and quicker during training at the Academy. Astrid had shrugged it off as Stormfly's age getting the better of her. For while she was only 26 in our years, that was quite a lot for a dragon. But then Stormfly's sight began to waver. It wasn't until she misaimed her spikes and almost killed Astrid in the process that Hiccup demanded she be pulled out of Academy instructing. It had taken Astrid a few weeks to fully forgive Hiccup for the decision, but she conceded none the less. And so Stormfly became a companion dragon. A few weeks later, Stormfly had stopped eating. This was the first time Astrid had really started to admit she was worried about her dragon's wellbeing. Hiccup came home from his duties every day to find a distressed Astrid trying to force-feed the bird-like reptile, who promptly refused and sagged her head to the ground, glancing away with her blind eyes.

A week ago was the strongest indicator, to Hiccup at least, that Stormfly's life was nearing an end. He'd walked in the door and not found Astrid, or Stormfly, in their usual spot " in the kitchen where Astrid would usually still be trying to feed her dragon (to little success). With a pain of anxiety in his chest, he'd rushed upstairs and found the pair, curled up in Stormfly's sleeping spot. The blonde viking had her arms wrapped around Stormfly's neck,

holding her fast. The dragon's breathing was beginning to sound raspy, and her colour was fading to the point that she's begun to look grey. Her eyes opened, hearing him walk in. Milky white eyes searched around for the source but soon gave up when weariness overcame her, and she slumped back to the ground. Hiccup had noticed how the last few weeks had taken a toll on her " noticed how much weight the large dragon had lost " and had known.

She was going to die.

And a part of Astrid would die with her.

It happened two days ago in the morning.

Hiccup had awoken to the sobs of his wife and the distressed call of his name. He'd bolted upright and, after snapping on his leg, hurried over to her. She'd looked at him with glassy eyes, biting her lip and shaking her head. She'd gestured to the shadow of a dragon before her. Toothless had even understood, as he lay beside his life-long friend, nuzzling her beak and cooing softly " sadly. Stormfly's breath was noisy and ragged. Astrid stroked her beak while Hiccup rubbed her head. Her eyes opened upon hearing Astrid's voice.

"It's ok" her voice quivered, although Hiccup new she was trying to sounds strong "Good girl, Stormfly " you've always been such a good girl. You can let go now"

Stormfly had given her rider's face a blind, gentle nuzzle, and clicked in response. With one last breath, she'd slumped her head to Astrid's lap and gone still.

Toothless howled all night.

They'd given Stormfly a Viking burial. It wasn't common for this to happen " usually they buried their reptile friends when their last day came, but Stormfly was different " and deserved a send off appreciative of this.

Astrid was to fire the first arrow. Her hands had quivered so much that eventually, Hiccup walked up behind her and assisted her, gently holding her hands still so that her aim would not miss. The shot fired and found its mark. Hiccup did not let his wife go, but held her for what felt like hours as she watched her loyal friend leave their world forever.

End  
file.